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“Favored gospel since 1 A. D.”

Volume 30, Issue 5

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Front Cover:

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To Submit:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Lindsay Barbieri, Merrill B103, Box 0542, lkb06@hampshire.edu

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Long Live the Omen

I wish I hadn't left this till the last minute—my eloquence is being subsumed by 3:30 AM.

I want to talk today about my four years on the Omen and what the Omen means to me. I think this is an especially important topic in light of at least two discussions. First of all, this school year marks the fifteenth year of the Omen's existence. Secondly, during Action Awareness Week, I learned that several people were interested in shutting down the Omen because their conception of it is as a "hate speech" publication that only publishes hate speech. I want to speak to the second point, first.

Those of you who think the Omen is a hate speech only publication, thank you for being so wrong. I get to say this with the knowledge that this is the biggest issue I have ever published (save this year's Valentine's issue, which doesn't count). Fully half of it contains discussion of Action Awareness Weekend from multiple different points of view. None of those submissions were actively solicited—we didn't hand anyone a pen and say, "Now write for us!"

There's other stuff in here too, like fiction and poetry, and open discussion about other topics. We throw in some fun staff content too. There are some lost courses that never made it into the course guide, and some comics. A few of the pieces are homages to past issues of the Omen, a few are

direct articles or comics from them. It is our birthday after all, and we want to celebrate.

But no, the Omen is not a hate speech rag. The Omen will not turn away submissions if they aren't hateful enough. Because of its open submission policy, the Omen is what it is because you submit—or don't submit—to it. We don't have staff writers, we don't create assignments except for the few special staff content pieces that we like to do. If someone cares enough to write about something and send it to the Omen, they will. SOURCE folks and WARF and everyone else involved in AAW, consider yourself complimented that people actually cared enough about Action Awareness Week to send us a total of ten (10!) submissions about the cause. That's more submissions than we get in some entire issues. The only thing I regret is not getting enough of a balance. We tried—we put up posters, we sent out e-mails and wrote on the white board in SAGA.

If we were a hate speech publication, we wouldn't have printed some of these pieces. And then, we would have written various vulgar epitaphs, because none of these articles actually contain any hate speech. Usually, none of our articles at all contain anything that could be construed as hate speech. There are one or two articles here and there that go against the grain, that offer up a piece of satire, or do go out on a limb to offend.

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited,

and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Saturday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Fridays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

The Omen Haiku

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

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April 11, 2008

And you know what? Thank god the Omen exists to publish these too. There are a number of opinions that disagree with the position held by vocal organizers of many different causes that wouldn't have been heard except that there is a publication standing here backing up their right and power to say what they want and hold their own opinion without getting instantly torn down or backstabbed for it. And you know what...? We reserve the same rights for everyone, regardless of race, gender, age, ability, etc. You've read our policy, right?

Why do we insist on re-stating this? It's because we're proud of the Omen. Let me re-state that: I'm proud to be a part of the Omen and the legacy it leaves behind.

The Omen turns fifteen years old this year. Congratulations to everyone who is working on the Omen this semester, last semester, all the way back to the first semester. We've created something that has withstood one of the tests of time at Hampshire. It has survived almost four full generations of students. The first-years who discover it next year will carry it until it is twenty, until it is older than the students who start working on it. At an institution as young as Hampshire, with groups that have such short lifespans, this is an amazing feat.

It's especially amazing when you consider how much shit the publication has been through. Right from the get-go, it is generally agreed among us that the founder, Stephanie Cole, was hauled before the Community Review Board at least twice for reasons that eventually involved the Omen. Other Omen generations have been brought before CRB and Community Council, with funding cuts threatened—because they dared print something that happened to offend the sensibilities of another community member.

Over the years, the Omen's fangs have been dulled, its bite has grown a bit weaker, more guarded. The current staff is not willing to go out on a limb and call Community Council a pack of ass-licking jackals. Nor are they putting up posters with naked anime girls, or printing rape fantasies. (We haven't actually been sent any rape fantasies, but we might consider printing them.)

I don't know if Stephanie Cole would approve of the job I've been doing as Editor-in-Chief. Often we've spent more time trying to get an issue out the door rather than making sure the content in it was any good. I don't think this is entirely a fault of my own—my first year the Omen was nearly dead. The total staff never rose above five. Second year, the office was forcibly moved. Hundreds of issues of archives were thrown away, though we believe we saved the bulk of it.

Our computer died so we had to use laptops for a year. My third year, things started picking up, though towards the end, it would just be me and Lindsay, or just me or just Lindsay for the bulk of layout. This year, the new computer was stolen over January term, forcing us to abandon the office for a few weeks, moving to spaces less conducive to layout meetings. Our layout itself has changed a bunch. We?

Our layout itself has changed a bunch. We're on the third in as many years, and I think it's a bit stifling. I'm looking for ways to open it up a bit. I don't write careful articles, as you can probably tell by the rambling nature of this one. Stephanie, if for some reason you do read this, I hope you approve of what your dream has developed into. I hope all the former editors look favorably upon the Omen as it exists now, especially this issue. We're working our butts off to get it out the door in time.

Also, thank you. When I look back at my four years at Hampshire, I will most likely hold the Omen above most other experiences. Every other week for three years I've stayed in on Saturday night to supply the campus with one of the biggest sources of laughter, controversy, and discussion. It's been a big source of friendship, discovery, and growth.

The Omen is what we make of it. If you want the Omen to look and act a certain way, submit an article. Come to layout. We appreciate the company at 4:30 in the morning on Sunday, or Monday, or sometimes Tuesday.

If you want the *Omen* to disappear, come to layout. Become Editor-in-Chief, and bury it. But before you do that though, please take a moment to read some of our archives. Talk to some of the students who work on the *Omen* to find out what this legacy, this Hampshire tradition, means to them. Find out why they work tirelessly and with pride for a magazine that is fifteen years old, and why they talk almost every week about how they hope to see it last another fifteen.

I was hoping to write something more eloquent for the fifteenth anniversary issue, but if I don't quit rambling now, you'll never get to read this issue, and I'll never get to sleep. I guess that's my personal shout-out to all the former, current, and future editors—you know what it's like.

Finally, I want to thank everyone who submitted this week and weekend, and hung out with us until god-knows-when. You've made the largest Omen I have ever produced. It could have been longer, but in a fit of frustration at 5:30 AM, I cut a bunch of staff content. When the 20th anniversary issue comes out, I expect a better editorial. Kids these days...



Lindsay Reacts to the World Around Her

Zombies!

Whoever sent the Zombie alert E-mails this April Fools Day - if you stop by my room I will give you cookies and candy and hugs. Zombie hugs.

Thieves!

Please stop stealing my bikes. This is the second one I've lost in as many years.

I would love to hear why you took my bike on Thursday the 3rd of April at approximately 7:30pm from outside of FPH. Did you sell my bike? Did you keep it yourself or give it to a friend or loved one? Did you take it in a "moment of opportunity" because you needed to get somewhere fast and then abandon it at the next convenient moment? Do you realize how your actions affect other people?

What will it take to keep a bike to myself on this campus? Will I have to replenish my bike supply every year until either a. I graduate or otherwise leave or b. I have supplied every single person on campus with a bike several times over? Is it "just a matter of time" until my bike gets stolen? Should I operate under the reality that I will not be able to leave my bike anywhere without wondering if it will be there when I return?

Our campus is a small campus filled with truly amazing people and I do not understand why thievery is so widespread and accepted as something to expect on this campus. Maybe we do deserve security cameras in our dorms and in every building.

Having someone walk into your room and steal your laptop or walk into your lounge and steal anything that isn't bolted to the floor or walk up to your bike and ride it away never to be seen again or walk into the laundry room and your clothes out of the dryer and to their room, or walk to the parking lot and steal things from the trunk of your car - these things should NOT be normal occurrences on this campus. But they are. And frankly, I'm more than a little disgusted by it.

Well bike thieves, I am going to get another bike. It will probably be just as broken as the last bike you stole (Yeah, did you like how the gears were messed up? It's sort of a pain, I'm sorry I didn't have time to fix that before you stole my bike.) because I can't afford a "nice" bike. My first bike was

a nice bike - I'd had it for years and I loved it very much. It had been a present from my father and I kept it locked while here.

I hope your enjoying the use of my bikes or the money you made by selling them... but seriously, what will it take to stop you from taking other people's things?

And hey - if you want to return it, or at least explain to me why you took it in the first place - you could just leave it outside my window (three windows to the left of Merrill B entrance - I have a bird feeder on the window sill) or you could leave a note on my door/window.

All Community E-mails!

Daniel Scheer,
I will never E-mail you again.

Everyone else,

Isn't it amusing what people will say when they have the chance to directly communicate with the entire campus? And look! Here's a publication that will print whatever you want to say to the community! I still think you all should submit to the Omen.

Kid who lost his brown fedora,
I hope you find it!

The Omen!

Happy Birthday Omen! Here's to a spectacular 15 year history, and to the hopeful outlasting of Hampshire as an institute of higher learning. I fully expect to be dragging my kids along to Omen reunions down the road... and I'm not really even expecting to have kids at this point.

P.S. Will someone please explain to me why Merrill A1 Long reeks of pot by noon on Monday? Do you seriously have nothing better to do with your lives? Can you not get through the *day*, much less the week without a ride on the ganja bus?



I love what it stands for and what it does. The Omen is not a platform for any particular set of ideas or biases, except

Here's to fifteen more.



by Athena Carrier

In 1991 Stephanie Cole graduated from New

Hartford High School in New York. That fall she became a student at Hampshire College, 180 miles away. Like most students entering Hampshire, she approached the place with certain expectations. For instance, the front page of Hampshire's freshly redesigned website reads "1,350 Students, 1,350 Self-Designed Programs." The Princeton Review website enhances this "anything-is-possible" philosophy: "Hampshire's innovative approach allows students to direct their own education through coursework, independent research, study abroad, internships, field experiences, and independent study." But Stephanie Cole, like many other students, found that the Hampshire she enrolled in didn't live up to the Hampshire she had been introduced to in brochures. The Hampshire she experienced firsthand was checkered with issues of political correctness and bureaucracy. Or "long lines and red tape," as the Princeton Review puts it. For this, one of the site's less complimentary awards, Hampshire

“The Omen’s sole purpose is to print everything it receives (with the exception of libel), so it is whatever our community makes it.”

This year The Omen celebrated its fifteenth birthday. It is Hampshire's longest-running student publication, and is printed bi-weekly. True to its founding principles, the publication's website reads, "everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory."

This is exactly why it is so hated.

And yet in a sense I am attempting to engage in discussion with the idea of Stephanie Cole. I have, scattered across my bed, hundreds of her words—that is, old issues of the *Omen*. I am trying to make sense of something. I am trying reconcile her intentions with the legacy she has left behind.

Over time, however, the Omen seems to have fallen prey to that classic phrase: "kill the messenger." Throughout its history, students have repeatedly lamented Hampshire's lack of community, and tendency toward "cliques." With such faulty lines of communication, anger is often directed in

the wrong places, namely the administration or ambiguous entities such as "the Omen," rather than student-to-student, which might result in an actual productive debate. The poor communication is also a possible explanation for why the Omen isn't being used as effectively as it could be—a reason it has devolved into something that is too often petty, or offensive without reason.

offensive without reason.

A larger issue behind the lack of community and communication is a general confusion over student rights, and the rights of free speech. Americans are fond of throwing around their rights whenever anything upsets them. The Bill of Rights is pointed to almost as frequently as religion as justification for stupid actions. More often than not, those pointing to the Bill of Rights haven't even read the thing. The same is true of many college students in regard to their rights on campus. A friend of mine who works as a campus intern said one of the residents on her hall had received repeated complaints for playing his music so loudly. When she spoke to him about it, he became furious, claiming, "I pay almost \$50,000 a year to go here, I can play my music as loud as I want!" That statement echoes another I have heard: "I pay my taxes like a good American, I can do what I want!" But simply paying to be a student, or a citizen, does not enable one to do absolutely whatever one pleases. After all, the student living next to the boy with loud music is also paying that \$50,000—he didn't pay to have his ear drums blasted out. Demanding that the administration abolish the Omen, or an offensive facebook group (as was the case earlier this fall), goes beyond one's "rights," and is in fact an infringement on free speech—it may be hate speech, and it may be utterly politically incorrect, but as long as it's not threatening or libelous, it has a right to be there.

This brings us to April of 1995. That spring, a group of women, part of a Five College coalition, wrote messages about sexual assault in chalk, all over campus. They were concerned with how few options campus policy provided victims of sexual assault. The campaign was reminiscent of our recent Action Awareness week in that it was unavoidable. Literature and posters were part of the campaign—but most especially chalking. “Are you a rapist?” was written outside of Franklin Patterson Hall; elsewhere “How dare you touch her, you bastard!” Draped from a dorm balcony was a banner proclaiming “rape one woman, rape all women.” Many students were turned off by this approach; they found it vulgar, and labeled it “propaganda.”

Stephanie Cole was one such student. Just as the

campus began to address the chalkings, new ones appeared. These featured such phrases as "1 in 3 women enjoy being raped," and "rape one woman, rape all womenkind—what a bargain." In the weeks that followed, it became clear that these second chalkings were the work of Hampshire students. As one student noted, "only at Hampshire would people speak out against speaking out." The administration would hold a forum to discuss the events. At this event, one woman stood up and read a prepared statement explaining her reasons for creating some of the second chalkings. The woman was Stephanie Cole. She explained that she by no means advocated rape; what she took issue with was the fact that rape had become such a "sacred cow" that it had passed beyond all possibility of discussion. As the founder of the Omen, this was something by which Stephanie Cole could not abide.

Hampshire's Community Review Board took the actions into consideration, and ultimately demanded that Stephanie Cole write a formal apology and a bibliography on the subject of rape—to be printed in an issue of the *Omen*. Not surprisingly, the *Omen* did not take kindly to this. Managing Editor at the time, Jonathon Land, said the verdict forced the publication of insincere submissions, which was inconsistent with the *Omen's* purpose.

The apology and bibliographies were indeed published, along with Stephanie Cole's account of the mishandled legalities of the case (clearly she was already preparing for her future in law school). Time passed, and the student body moved on to other issues. It is a college: students come and go quickly, with each new group believing in some way that they are the first to touch on the same issues.

It was thus that I found myself in the basement room that is the Omen's office late one Saturday, as current editorial staff member Jacob Lefton taped pornographic pictures to the wall. He was summarizing for me an article by a friend of his that will be featured in the latest issue of the Omen: an article focused on, what else, but Action Awareness week—specifically, ways in which the activists could have better presented their cause. The article features its share of inflammatory statements, and is sure to garner some negative responses. Perhaps, as has happened in the past, it will even be suggested to the Hampshire administration that the Omen be shut down altogether. I found myself engrossed in debate with Jacob, defending the Action Awareness campaign. There were many points on which we did not see eye to eye, but we

were not having an argument. It was a debate, and a good one, and that is what I dreamed to find at Hampshire. Like other students with their own dreams of the place, mine has in some ways let me down. Political correctness does not foster a strong forum for discussion. Nor does the prevailing "cliquey-ness" and the continued struggle over community.

A few weeks ago, I was asked if I would be interested in becoming a signer for the Omen next fall. Jacob Lefton is graduating, which leaves an open spot. I have contributed silly comics and creative prose to the Omen during my time here, and I like to hang out at layout meetings now and then. But I cringed at the thought of connecting my name so firmly with the publication. As far as I know, I've never written

"hate speech" in my life. While I'll defend free speech to the death, I'm not so sure I want to be connected to some uninformed idiot's rant. Researching Stephanie Cole made me sympathize with her, but not all who remember her feel so. Well-intended she may have been, but her delivery made her a number of enemies. That is the danger of free speech. At the Hampshire level, we debate chalk marks. At a national level, we debate the Patriot Act. The good thing is that we are having a debate at all—that is more than many other countries, or college campuses, can say. I can respect the idea of Stephanie Cole—but I'm glad I don't have to be her.



Members of SOURCE Community Respond to President Hexter's Memorandum

Thursday, April 3rd, 2008

To: the Hampshire Community

From: Members of the SOURCE Community

RESPONSE TO PRESIDENTIAL MEMORANDUM

As many of you know, President Ralph J. Hexter issued a memorandum to the Hampshire community on Tuesday, April 1st, 2008. We, as members of the SOURCE community who have been involved in organizing Action Awareness Week and the following negotiations process, want to share our response to this memorandum and to the "action items" presented in the appendix attached. Our intentions in writing this response is one that comes out of the urgency to communicate the voices of students that have been silenced and misrepresented by the memorandum in question. During the negotiations process, no one was notified that this memorandum would be released, leaving us no opportunity to respond until now.

When the President stated in the second page of this memorandum that "attending to issues of prejudice of all sorts, and racial in particular (...) is not always sufficient to guide the behavior of some members of the community," he is effectively disregarding institutionalized racism in favor of placing racism at the fault of individuals. In other words, the language of this memorandum denies institutional accountability by allocating blame on individual members

of the Hampshire community. Furthermore, by referring to students as “stakeholders,” this memorandum promotes the notions of private aspirations or demands and fails to understand the necessity of desired institutional change for the entire community

The "action items" presented by the administration were not comprehensive solutions, but rather illusions of progress. In the appendix attached to this letter, you will see the articulations of what is missing from each item as analyzed by members of the SOURCE community. In the action items proposed, the administration fails to convince that they are committed to really address the core structural problems of the institution.

The language presented by the memorandum denies the fact that members of SOURCE and the administration operate on an unequal playing field. Historically, students of color and international students have had to fight within their communities for validation and legitimization of their presence in higher education. Through this struggle, students have become frustrated with the active silencing of their voices, and these frustrations frame the language of

Submitted by **Amelia Carter**

“...the language of
“civility and respect”
often employed by the
administration may invoke
the patriarchal principles
under which civil and
respectful dialogue occur
only among those that share
the same interests.”

Furthermore, the language of "civility and respect" often employed by the administration may invoke the patriarchal principles under which civil and respectful dialogue occur only among those that share the same interests. The right to protest and unionize has been part of the American tradition,

b) If schools are only "invited to compete" with no additional provision of funding from the administration, there is no way to insure the formation of these positions,

e) The issue of empty beds stems from inadequate recruitment of incoming students of color and queer



FOOD NOT BOMBS

Free Vegan/Vegetarian Food for Everyone!

Sunday, Apr. 13th, 2PM meet at the Bus Circle

"Food Not Bombs is one of the fastest growing revolutionary movements active in North America today and is gaining momentum all over the world."



(quote and image from www.foodnotbombs.net, find more info there!)

Meet new people and get a snack, while promoting peace!
(If you want to help prepare food, meet at 1:30PM in the Dakin Kitchen)
Questions? Contact cjh07@hampshire.edu or fcn04@hampshire.edu

Stop saying 'Racism' if you don't mean 'Racism'

So, last week was action awareness week. As I understand it, this was set up to spread awareness about the greater Anti-Racism movement, and the role that Hampshire can play in furthering it. Many people came away from Action Awareness Week feeling attacked, alienated, and unable to respond in a meaningful manner, which is plain to see in the many on-line discussions occurring on this topic. A number of the activists responsible for Action Awareness Week expressed in these conversations that they do not understand why people feel hurt or attacked by their actions. I believe there are a number of reasons why people responded this way, but I think that all of those reasons stem from one primary mistake made by these activists.

Let me begin by clearly defining a key term that I will be using in my argument. Bear with me on this.

Fucking Idiot: someone who pursues a clearly noble goal in a manner that is at least somewhat questionable

I think that the people who organized and executed Action Awareness Week are all fucking idiots. I think that if Action Awareness Week hadn't been run by such fucking idiots, they would have gotten more done. And frankly, I think that if you disagree with me, you're probably a fucking idiot.

I bet a number of you feel attacked by that. That is because I attempted to redefine the term 'fucking idiot,' which I do not have the power to do. This is a very charged term, and despite the fact that I clearly laid out my fairly innocent definition, when I call you a fucking idiot, you cannot help but hear the definition that you have been conditioned to hear for your entire life.

A similar phenomenon occurred during Action Awareness Week with the term 'racism.' People are raised from a young age to hate the idea of racism unequivocally. It is something loathsome, that symbolizes the pinnacle of ignorance and stupidity, and it is not to be tolerated under any circumstance. Being called racist is one of the most grave insults that can be received, as the profound failings of character it implies are almost unmatched by any other accusation.

On the other hand, the definition of racism provided by SOURCE, and used widely in the academia around the greater

Anti-Racism movement, is something much more nuanced. As I understand it, it is used solely to describe institutional racism, and power structures that oppress. These are hugely different definitions. The SOURCE version is not really an offensive term. When Hampshire is accused of being racist under this definition, it means that the power structures at Hampshire tend to benefit some groups of students at the expense of others.

Unfortunately, Anti-Racism activists *absolutely* do not have the power to redefine a term as charged as racism. So when activists accuse Hampshire of being racist, people cannot help but hear the definition they have been conditioned to understand, and are seriously offended by it, no matter how clear the intended definition of racism is made. This causes people to feel attacked, which causes them to get defensive, which, of course, shuts down conversations, and prevents ideas from being spread.

This reaction is reasonable, and it is not the fault of Hampshire community members that feel this way. The blame lies firmly on the Anti-Racism activists, as it was their poor choice of language that provoked these responses. If activists are unwilling to frame their argument in terms that are meaningful to their audience, the general public, rather than in terms that are meaningful to Anti-Racism activists and scholars, they will continue to have major problems communicating effectively.

While this is a serious problem, I think it is easily solved. How about "All we demand is that Hampshire actively combat institutional racism." At the very least, this clearly explains that Hampshire community members are not being accused of the individual racism they rightfully view as a serious insult. If this can be avoided, I think the Anti-Racism movement would run into fewer problems overall, as the community would not feel attacked on an individual level, and therefore be more willing to actively find out what activists are talking about.

Despite the backlash against Action Awareness Week, I would be absolutely shocked if you found a Hampshire student that didn't honestly think racism was a serious problem that should be combated. I believe that most of the resistance stems from this initial feeling of being accused,

Watch your language cont.

and not an unwillingness to listen or help. I believe that if new language is chosen that avoids this scenario we can more easily achieve the social change that we all want. When I joined a snide facebook group, it was not because I oppose the goals of the Anti-Racism movement. I care deeply about the fight against racism. I fully support the Anti-Racism movement's goals. I just think they're being pursued by a bunch of fucking idiots.



medical systems ranging from Ayurveda and traditional Chinese medicine to European herbalism to allopathy to Amazonian Shamanism. I am ALWAYS looking for more ways in which to experience, co-opt, add to, learn from and respect other cultures. But in this small thing, in treating my heritage as obsolete, you here at Hampshire have insulted me deeply. Don't compromise me. You don't know me. I do not (consciously) judge anything about someone unless I have had at least a thorough conversation or other interaction with them. I ask for a similar courtesy from everyone around me. That seems a reasonable thing, yes?

The one time I went to the MULTicultural center, was to visit a friend who is an international student, who was always welcome and even worked there, and whose skin, oddly enough, is roughly the same hue as mine. I had not expected a welcome. I had, in fact, not expected anything, beyond hanging out with a friend, watching Heroes, and maybe meeting some new people. However, what I experienced was outright hostility, in snide words and angry looks. Is that a “safe-space”? Are white people not allowed to consort with people who may be of moderately to extremely different backgrounds in a comfortable setting? I guess I didn’t get that memo. I watched the show with my friend, and left. I was not welcome, so I was not going to stay.

If I, by my presence, breached a sacred space, then I am sorry. That was not my intent. But people, please, if you are going to claim an area based on skin color or country of origin, please let me know first. On that note, I claim the Zen garden in the woods as the collective property of those who have ever cooked a meal in the woods. Obviously, no other people can appreciate the peace of the woods, the beauty of

the trees, or the bounty of the Earth and therefore everyone else should be excluded. (That was a joke, by the way. Please, if you have any interest, come out into the woods.)

I am not just a "white ally". Allies fight together against something, and I don't want to fight against anything. Between the Vietnam War, the Iraq war, and the ars on terror, drugs and obesity, we have seen that war is not the answer. Building and creating, on the other hand, yield lasting effects. I would love to build a school focused on equality, and on adressing issues of equality. Please, if I can help create a community that supports and acknowledges different experiences, while allowing people to also find shared ones, tell me what I can do. But I am not allying against anything, as devoting strength to fighting something only makes what you fight more powerful (see the story of Heracles, or the Greek concept of agon).

I am a person who tries to make friends with everyone he can. I do not discriminate. I have white friends, I have black friends. There are more light-skinned people at Hampshire, and most of my friends are light-skinned. But that is not by choice, only by who I have seen in my classes, my clubs, and in my spare time. I try very hard to include all of my friends in what I do, with no thought to skin color or economic status, and to treat everyone (who is willing) as equals. And I am equally as honest and upfront and just plain me to everyone, for better or worse.

I strongly and actively support equality between all races and all sexes. I think everyone should have the same resources, and should be allowed to succeed or fail on their own merit. I fully understand that this is not the case, and that special measures need to be taken, now.

I understand that Hampshire has a history of making promises, and not keeping them. I understand the same can be said truly of America at large. Please, folks, write for grants so Hampshire can get money to hire all of these people you are demanding. It can be done, and the authors of the May 25th proclamation seem to have both the time and the will. PLEASE, HAMPSHIRE NEEDS THE MONEY!!!!

I believe that many of the requests mailed to the general Hampshire community on May 25th are good, but why limit these changes to students of color? What of poor white kids who have access to their classes held up due to financial aid problems? If you have ever gone to Blair Hall at the beginning of a semester, you would see that a large portion of the huge number of students waiting are white.

In terms of divesting from Israel, how about asking

Hampshire to divest from the Muslim countries that keep the Palestinians stuck where they are? Only Jordan has allowed any Palestinians (fellow Muslims) in as citizens. How about we divest from Walmart, the uber-corporation we won't even pay students reimbursements for if we shop there, but in whom Hampshire is currently invested? Why would you divest from Israel, when it is a rare beacon of some semblance of peace in a chaotic area of the world. Yes, they have fucked up. A lot. Divest from America, then, for Guantanamo Bay, flagrant abuse of immigrant workers, and a drug war that has ruined millions of lives. Obviously the decisions of a government, made behind closed doors, are emblematic of what all citizens in said country believe. Also, google for the minutes from the 2003 commencement speeches. A Palestinian student gave an amazing speech in which the issue of Israel is discussed very clearly and well, and he noted that we have **ALREADY DIVESTED FROM COMPANIES THAT PROFIT FROM OCCUPATION AND COMPANIES THAT SELL ARMS TO ISRAEL.**

Please, help the library get resources relevant to 3rd world countries.

Please, hire people to help Hampshire students in need of support.

Please, bring in more students of mixed classes, races, and countries of origin.

In order to do any of these things, you, not the administration, need to find money for these programs. The administration is trying to keep Hampshire open. To put this in perspective: the Smith Greenhouse has an endowment comparable to or larger than that of the entire Hampshire College. Yeah.

And please, stop spewing paper all over our campus. I happen to like trees and the environment. Go chop down a tree yourself, and see what goes into the raw material you slather on our walls and floors. Get out into the real world, and take your heads out of your asses. If you want change, start by treating everyone around you as equal, regardless of the color of their skin. Come to our mods, and talk to those of us with light skin or dark skin or anything in between. I don't want to oppress anyone. I just want to talk to everyone as equals. I honestly don't care about what color your skin is, but if you are pale, and you do go outside, please put on sunblock. Cancer is a bitch.

Sam Hoffman
an active anti-racist



But now God is like somebody's grandpa who used

...always turn out great. Seriously, at the end of Jurassic Park, only good things had happened. Sure some people

Say I want to make a dinosaur. That shit is as easy as picking your nose. You find a mosquito in a rock, you jab at it with a syringe, put it in a toad, and you just made a dinosaur. Never again will you buy those shitty sponges from CVS where you put it in water and overnight it grows 3 inches. Who needs that shit? That's remedial science. Water make bigger. Write a fucking book about it. I want a dinosaur that's 20 feet high, and can run 32 miles per hour in the open. I want the T. Rex. Like my brother said at the movies when

Love Mike Doyle



oy Bera Dunau

Action awareness week, which culminated in Monday's walk out, divided and disturbed our community like nothing else I have seen in the four semesters I have spent at Hampshire college. I have heard many criticisms of SOURCE and WARF's tactics in promoting their events, and I think there is validity to them. Aggressive activism has its place, especially when trying to reach a student body as difficult to motivate as Hampshire College's. Yet there is a point at which aggressive tactics, like putting up posters equating race relations at Hampshire College with those in the segregated south, stops motivating people and starts alienating them. Similarly, I don't think SOURCE's demands were introduced properly to the general student body. Those students not involved in either WARF or SOURCE were bombarded with chants of "All these demands!" as soon as they returned to campus. Yet these demands, many of which would have cost large amounts of money, were not accompanied by a series of

I find this view to be both divisive and short sighted. It lumps all white people, and all people of color into two homogenous groups, regardless of class, creed or religious affiliation. It then seeks the disempowerment of one group, whites, in favor of another group, people of color. There are a number of problems I have with this basic premise. First, it attempts to combat racism, while maintaining and

My Second problem with the postmodern take on racism is the very concept of white privilege. While I acknowledge that being white gives one an advantage in this society, I resent the lumping together of all white people into a privileged category. For one, many of the examples of white privilege I have seen can be applied equally to both race and class. Take being profiled by cops. I am a lower middle class white person. My parents and I drive beat up, used cars. You have no idea how many times we've been profiled and pulled over because of the cosmetic look of our vehicle. Similarly, not being discriminated against by teachers is a total class issue. Just because your're white doesn't mean that your teachers will be understanding of you handing in your homework late because your parents don't have the leisure time to help you with it. Some might try to assert that even if you face

The third bone I have to pick with the ideology of action awareness is that it pays short shrift too the structural problems in our society that allow racism to persist and flourish. While there was much talk about white privilege, and how the institutions of this society were set up to benefit white people, and oppress people of color, there was very little discussion about why this was the case. I believe that the answer to this question is unrestricted capitalism, and the culture of greed that surrounds it. Left untamed, capitalism, whose highest value is the endless accumulation of wealth, means those who already have money and power see their influence expanded, and those who have little of either see their fortunes shrink. One only needs to look at the widening gap between rich and poor in this country to see that such a society is our own. I could go on for pages why I

Urban Dictionary:

1. racism

579 up, 162 down

Noun.

1) **Strict definition:** An irrational bias towards members of a racial background. The bias can be positive (e.g. one race can prefer the company of its own race or even another) or it can be negative (e.g. one race can hate another). To qualify as racism, the bias must be irrational. That is, it cannot have a factual basis for preference.

2) Commonly intended definition (in America): A bias that white people have against blacks.

3) Politically motivated definition: A justifiable reason to redistribute resources or opportunities between groups on the basis of race alone.

1) One is not a racist for pointing out that blacks receive lower scores on their ACTs, SATs, GREs, LSATs and other standardized tests of academic achievement.

2) One is a racist for pointing out #1 *IF there is no reason for pointing it out other than to make black people feel inferior.

3) Racism is the reason that a 20 on the ACT should actually be considered a 25 if the test taker was black.

2. racism

488 up, 137 down

something people cant understand doesnt just happen
against blacks from whites

3. racism

362 up, 141 down

An excuse given by one 'race' of people to abuse another person's rights. Usually created by blind ignorance.

Racist: "All black people lie, steal and cheat- its in their genes."

Actual: "All people lie, steal and cheat- its in their genes."

4. racism

328 up, 122 down

Pure Bullshit.

5. racism

319 up, 176 down

A state of mind in which one's skin is a better color than someone else's. see **crap**

6. racism

194 up, 60 down

A term that used to mean prejudice towards one or more races. In modern use, this word is used by people to explain the behaviour of people of other races, whether race is called into the issue or not. Also: racism can now also include having good race relations. If you try to be friends with someone of a different race, someone will call you a racist.

Me: Dude I met this black guy when I was...
Idiot: RACIST!

Me: How is that racism? I was going to say that I met this black dude when I was going to see my best friend, who's asian.

Idiot: You're just friends with that asian because you think that makes you a good person for not being racist! You must feel sorry for him, you goddamn racist!

Me: Race doesn't come into it. But people like you force race issues into everything.

OPPRESSION BROWNIE POINTS!



by Audrey Weber

Haikus written by people who went to Anime
Boston with Asian Media

Submitted by Linnaea Furlong

Standing for a while
Blisters, pain, complication
Bonding over fail

Oh, long line to dreams
For the pain in my legs and
My rump I thank thee

Sitting on cement
My life stretches before me
Can I has badge? Please?

We've been here too long
Let's sing all our favorite songs
I forgot the words?

The line is quite slow
But we pass the time with new friends
Oops. Time to rock out.

Thank you Magikarp
For without your guidance
We would still be free

Sickly and tired
Will it ever end? Arghness
Help! Treeless wasteland

**Long lines, cement floors;
Narutards and cosplayers;
New dessert: sore feet.**

Can not concentrate
Annoying man behind me
He is very loud

Some fucking fun con
I've spent three hours here in line
They owe me some porn



Ancient Poems from the Files of Microsoft Word

Got Lunch at UMass Then Sat at the Bus Stop to Write This

We artists
We are really bad at math
You know we pay too much
And hope that you'll give back
The spare change

You just exchange a glance with us

Telling us I am deranged

I do not feign this wiftness.
Though maybe my subconscious
Is telling me to act like all those Greats
Eccentrics like Dali
Maybe we have to be
Insane
To be considered
Worthy of a page in your magazine.

Thought Forming in a Yellow Elevator

One hair
Hovers over
The permanent part on a man's head.
What was once there
Keeps on receding
But the static of the ancient meeting
Keeps pulling it back
Like a magnet to
A train track.

by Rebecca Dolkart

Camp Ground

Strangely dark mind
Clained with the trails of peaceful soldiers
Ready to impair
The bleachers' bleachers
- of brunette non-conformist teachers -
From a High School Nation
That rations its thoughts before it double-speaks.

Strangely dark haired guys and girl
Are tongues-in-cheeks
All burly twirl whirly gig
One does a jig
And loops the belly dancer
Round his arm
No need to drown in water when you can sing about it.

So put your lance back in its holster
And hearty-laugh sigh-smile.



NOM!

**NOM!
NUM!
NOM!**



Luckily, he scales really nicely...

15 Amazing Ways to Procrastinate

1. Write for the Omen
2. Go up to a Div III and ask them how you can help them (be careful with this one - Div IIIs this time of year are getting much crankier and might eat you as soon as look at you)
3. Have sex
4. Make lists
5. Check off lists
6. Check today's newest political brawl between Obama and Clinton
7. Make a Humpedia page for yourself
8. Make a Humpedia page for your least favorite professor
9. Set your homepage to blacktie.com
10. Plan a dinner party on facebook
11. Run around in the woods naked
12. Learn how to make cheese from scratch
13. Bake a cake
14. Sing showtunes loudly until your upstairs neighbors yell at you
15. Research obscure topics on Wikipedia

15 Most Unusual (Real) Baby Names

1. Potzwadee
2. Moonunit (and really any other name Frank Zappa gave one of his children)
3. Shithead (pronounced Shih-tade)
4. Orangerjello & Lemonjello (twins)
5. Audio Science
6. Bluebell Madonna
7. Oriole Nebula
8. Fifi Trizibell
9. Kal-el
10. Moxie Crimefighter
11. Seargeoh
12. Sage Moonblood
13. Puma
14. Sailor Lee
15. Poppy Honey



The Death of Molly Millions

by David Kurtz

A comma here, a sentence there... some editors seem to believe that such things are their purview alone, for a writer is not competent to understand such subtleties of craft as word choice, punctuation, grammatical construct, &c. It is an editor's ordination that they must rearrange and redraft until tire their fingers, for this they do secure in the knowledge that they are working to make a piece, not different, but correct. As such, how can they do but Right?

To argue that this is so, of art in the media of word and type, is to suggest that two portraits are identical, though one in profile and the other full ahead, one in a palette of violent crimsons and the other in subtlest aquatic blues, one in the garb of a medieval court and the other a nude freestanding, one against a studio dropcloth and the other above a sprawling Arcadian vista, &c – so long as they are both executed in selfsame oil. It is a conceit which allows for the accomplishment of many things, but the allowance of diversity, let alone the encouragement thereof, is not one of this myriad. Quite, I argue, the reverse.

Below is the author's text of "The Death of Molly Millions."
I do hope it finds you well.

-your friendly neighborhood Areopagite

The Death of Molly Millions

bows to Gibson, likewise Hazlitt

Died in her house on the Rue Jules Verne, the Spindle,
Molly Millions the street samurai.

An artist with the whole of the urban world her medium, always was Molly respected amongst those who knew her for the very fact that few were those who did. Privileged were they that were aware of her; ever lucky were the few of those whom she let live to enjoy their precious knowledge. When we find such a person and find that they have died, one who makes their profession their life and their life an art, it is as if we are a museum patron passing amongst the masterpieces has suddenly come to barren wall-space, and finds this emptiness explained by nothing but a square of paper upon which some unseen curator has scrawled an epitaph of explanation. Only has this work been removed

from us neither to be loaned nor refurbished, and neither should we expect its replacement within our lifetimes – for Molly is dead, and has left not a peer behind her.

There are those in the world who would not assign much import to one razor-girl, in specific, nor to the being of a razor-girl in general. Certainly there are employments which promote just as much in the way of order or disorder, to larger or smaller scales, and with more greatly accurate or wanton results, depending upon one's aesthetic. But there is no media which might not be used as the base of art, nor are there any materials however base whose creations might not be beautiful of themselves, or in comparison to their peers. Molly was her actions and her actions were both, and it was her singular grace that she was able, not to loft the street into something better suited to the more classical sort of appreciation, but rather to find within it that which it ever had been, and bring it into its most complete expression.

The British poet said of the world that it is naught but a stage, and that those who move up and down it are players only. But this remark could not apply to the street samurai. They have neither such freedom nor such constraints, for they are nothing whatsoever without the street, yet in exchange they are everything upon it. Apart from their terrain they are neither lord nor slave, but upon it they are both concurrent, and Heaven and Hell and any other thereafter to them is immaterial. They may by the rhythms of their demesne be forced onto paths and into plots specific, yet within those boundaries they are masters of themselves and those about them and complete executors of their will. Governments, armies, corporations, none who hold sway over the things of ground and sky have over pavement any right to power, neither through the machinations of laws nor even the right of conquest. The only power that they have lies in their ability to destroy the thing entire, after which they would not find themselves rulers of anything, but of vast tracts of nothing, infertile.

Molly was not a servant to such forces of power and pride, for she did not believe in their mystique nor acknowledge their superiority. Upon her lands she was a sovereign, with powers over her subjects as complete as those of any of like status over their thralls. Without her energies her purview

would have been worse than barren, it would have been a threat and a drain to all other she had no desires other than to move upon her land and act as best opportunity presented itself; she had no thought other than the consummation of her current activity and the transition to her next source of employment. This Molly was ever able to accomplish, for success is ever the greatest qualifier for further success, and the fact that she continued to live was infinite testament to her ability to succeed.

As it has been said that a great lover is never without the fairest compliment, and a great poet never fails for the perfect word, so Molly always could determine the precise instrument for the downfall of her opponent. Her mirrored eyes were hawk-clear, her wargear subtle and specific, her razor fingers as precise as a surgeon's and as irrefutable as a scalpel confused. She could outdance the strong and best the brute through agility. She could lure the weak into thinking her harmless and stand to the mighty as if above them. She was able to see what was required, and to fulfill it; in her, desire and requirement were as one. She knew herself to be only one person amidst a whirl of persons, and so approached everyone as an equal. As a consequence, none proved equal to her.

She was efficiency itself, too much so ever to take the time to reflect unto such a conclusion. She acted with the innate grace of a person who is acting as they do easiest, be they ballerina or beauty or brute; it was purely coincidence that she tended towards the former, for she could not truly have spent less of her energies upon reconsidering her natural state. She never took more pains than were necessary, but as every back alley clinician from the Sprawl to the Spindle could attest, she was never one to unnecessarily avoid injury. While others wasted their vitality upon playing at any combination of things which they were not, she had no affection within her and none about her, and thus was so much more easily disposed to making what was without her into a simple extension of her will.

She did what she could, and that was better than what was done by anyone else. She never failed a mission for the sake of strategy nor of tactical consideration; she never threw a game or took a dive or ever but astounded by her performance. She did not experiment; she accomplished. She had a tendency to enjoy the grit of the game, the Romantic aspect of the Street, and if that was her motivation it never interfered with her work. The activities she sought outside of her professional

existence were commonplace and unexceptional, and never themselves were approached with anything resembling the artistry she brought to her working life. She was Janus with one face; Ozymandias with a full body and no inscription; she was Puccini, caller of the tune, just as readily as she would have dispassionately and utterly dispensed with his Bohème. Though it never would have been acceptable to her, never would have occurred to her, nor would she have been able indeed to do so, she could have bested any of her competitors with a hand behind her back or a like handicap - for there was not only none her equal, neither was there nobody to stand second to her.

And how ought we to remember her demise? She was not killed within the line of her profession, for it is clear from her, in fact it is what defined her, that such a thing was not a possibility. Did she die, then, from a betrayal – at the hand of an employer, a competitor, a partner, a loved one, an unknown? Unlikely that her tempered guile would have allowed her into such a situation. Did hubris drag her down beneath the crushing burden of her growing inability, as age brought to her lessened capacities yet not the wisdom to acknowledge them? Or could she have been brought to understand her decline, worn upon her with age, or perhaps through the evolution and intensification of the playing-field, and thus did absent herself from the felicity of her livelihood and sport? Did she die in a back alley, anonymously dirty, or in blood upon the goldthread tapestry of a bed in some turret of power and wealth? Did she die, in short, playing the game, or was it later – did she find herself evolved with her slowing reflexes into a corporate boardroom, fallen upwards from the grace of the street; did time find her hidden and hallowed raising apprentices into her old profession and surrounding herself with the energies of youth and reminders of her former glory; did she become but a fixture of the Street and keep its colors; or did she marry and raise a litter of pups in the country and dye her lenses autumn russet or forestgreen and exchange dirt for earth and white swiftness for pale contentment?

Was she stabbed? Was she poisoned? Was she hanged in the public square? Did she fall upon her sword or on her gun? Or did she slowly grow but worse and worse and one day slip in silence all away?

We would prefer to think that she has not passed us on. But surely this is no sentiment that could not be expressed for the departure of anyone, even a tyrant if he comported

Molly Millions Cont.

his despotism with the flourish of true fashion. This failing us we may at least choose how we shall remember her. Let us keep in our minds that lady of the concrete lake, who ran trades and terrors with her Johnny, who like a roaring roving brushfire rampage cleared the way for sad Case, who danced the oldest dance in the face of the newest temples and wildest deaths and did such honor to that profession that it shall ever be defined by her. Whatever else, let us remember her alive, and as she always was when living, always running shall she be. We have paid this willing tribute to her memory.

*Let no hallowed hand deface it
This her most lauding 'hic jacet'*

Facebook Games

Here's a fun game you can play on facebook: go through the central directory of groups, or look through groups that your friends are members of until you find a group that doesn't have an admin. Become the admin. Delete the group info, and the picture, and kick everyone out of the group. Set the group to closed, so that no one can join without an invite, and invisible, so that no one can find it without being invited. When everything is done, leave the group yourself. You have now destroyed a facebook group. Repeat until your destructive urges have been satiated. I did this one night, some time ago. This is the list of groups I destroyed:

My Friends Think I've Died Because I've Been Swallowed
By Mod 1
FUCK DIV 1
Why not ice cream... FOR dinner: An anarchist club.
let's be real here: sex makes people lose their damn minds.
This is a Snakeskin Jacket
I freaking love Jordan

I WISH I WAS IN INDIA RIGHT NOW!!!!
 Mod96 Valmorphismize!!
 Imagine a blue circle.... The Cult Following of Sarah Hunter
 This Is What Insanity Looks Like :)
 Sketchy Hampsters
 I Don't Park In My Designated Parking Lot
 Fight Dirty!
 The Milk Haters
 Mod 71: The Legend Lives On
 P.E.T.A (People Eating Tasty Animals)
 Don't Sell Facebook!
 DIV III in the Fall of '06!
 Die Hard Bibliophiles
 Chuck Norris Does Not Sleep. He Waits.
 I Am Happy
 The Dead Pope Society
 Simile Explosion, Presented by the Four Horsemen of the
 Apocalypse
 People Who Do Enough Drugs To Kill a Small Horse
 Heather Has Two Mommies and So Do I, Holla!
 Metal killed my Family... And I helped. (Metal Fans)
 Someone has to skin the cow
 Ppl Crushing Josiah :/
 People who think Linux is really cool!
 People Who Believe there Is More To Life Than Being Really
 Really Really Ridiculously Good Looking..
 Only Children
 men who aren't ashamed to change for the women they
 love
 Gente Latina
 Garden State Groupies
 Can I Have Your Music, Please?
 Breeding, Not Brooding
 Awkward Sexual Tension!
 The Warehouse: Dave Matthews Band Fan Club
 Hampshire Halloween Mod Trick-or-Treat '06
 No Irish Need Appy
 Smith Parties: Broken up in 20 mins or less...guaranteed

If you were in one of these groups, my apologies. It's nothing against you, really. I didn't discriminate, I only destroyed. And if nothing else: let this be a lesson to you: don't leave your facebook group without an admin.

SECTION.LIES

David's Wisdom Nook
An Advice Column by David Mansfield



Durid Mansfield is the author of several self-help books, including *Babies Don't Like Everyone*, *Making Marriages Last*, and *The Great Big Book of Trains*. He currently teaches at Hampshire College, where he is the foremost authority on Roald Dahl's *Martini*.

DEAR DAVID: A few months ago I moved from the city to the country and had to change therapists. I had a good connection with my former therapist, but here my options aren't so good. It feels like every problem I have, my new therapist diagnoses me with a new disorder or syndrome, which doesn't seem helpful. I don't believe that it's that simple, but I do need the extra help. How can I get him to stop the diagnosis and start the actual help?

Diagnoses Aren't Doing Me A Lot Of Good

PEAR DADMALOG: There are almost as many types of therapy as there are people. The most important thing is to find the kind that works for you. If you don't agree with your current therapist, that just means it's time to move on. Your options may be limited, but I doubt you're seeing the only shrink in your entire town. That just makes me imagine a sitcom about a town where EVERYONE is a therapist except for one guy. Now there's a show! Maybe they could all battle to be his shrink, and he secretly sees all of them because he doesn't want to hurt their feelings. That could be his main problem, that he is terrified of letting people down. And because all the therapists want to be the best therapist in town, the guy is the most mentally healthy man alive! Maybe he could even help some of the therapists with their problems! You can't use this idea: it is mine. GET AWAY.

A good trick to try in a situation where you feel like you're being overdiagnosed is to beat the offender to the punch and pretend that the diagnosis has already happened. Instead of saying, "sometimes I feel sad," say something like, "Sometimes I have Acute Hyperosmic Cetacean Doldrumitis." Therapists are a proud people, so none will admit to not having heard of your exotic and severe-sounding "disorder." This will effectively block his diagnosis, which, having no human

not to inhale, will flutter around the room until it is
to death or escapes through an open window.

On the other hand, some people are more comfortable knowing that a problem they're dealing with is diagnosable. After all, there's no pill for "my kids hate me," but I can think of at least five medications off the top of my head - and medicine cabinet - for "panic disorder."

Back to that sitcom idea. I think it would be great for the main character to be named Carl (a subtle nod to Carl Jung). Also, he could have a dog named Sigmund, who he talks to about all his therapist-related problems. There could be lots of adorable shots of Sigmund staring longingly at Carl, and you know he has no idea what Carl is saying, but it helps anyway. Maybe the reason Carl is afraid of letting people down is that once, when he was a kid, he didn't do his chores and his parents were so disappointed in him that they died. This could be revealed in a poignant flashback to give the audience a break from all the laughing. Then, when we return to the present, Sigmund could whine a little, cock his head and use his front paws to push his empty food bowl toward Carl. The audience will go wild.

I was going to write a long essay to put here, but I decided that would not be in the spirit of the content that follows. So: "Death to the Extremist" is a minimalist web comic created by Michael Zole (F99) that was featured in the pages of the

Omen around 2001-2003. I love it. You can read it online at <http://www.dtecomic.com/>. Here are two editions of "Death to the Extremist" for your enjoyment. If you don't like them, blame Zole, not me. Happy 15th anniversary, Omen.

by M. Zole
www.zole.org



